



WILLIE IN CLOUDLAND

BY ANTHONY HILLY.

Willie was a very tired boy that night, but his mother had promised to read him the story of the little boy who slew the three giants, so he sat stiff and upright in the high-backed arm-chair, and tried to look as fresh and buoyant as if he had but just got out of bed. The story had not made much progress, however, before he shifted his position several times, then rubbed his eyes, and finally attempted to sit straight upright again. It was all without avail. Just as the little boy in the story had cut off the third giant's head, Willie's eyes refused to remain open any longer, and he became completely oblivious to all external things. But his brain continued the story in its own way.

Willie beheld himself standing in a great plain, with nothing but a world of water for miles around. No stars or starspot could be seen anywhere, no attractive spot save the beautiful blue of heaven. A long overcast sky seemed to penetrate beyond the clouds, to see who inhabited there, and, if possible, to converse with the people of Cloudland.

Suddenly, without knowing how or whence, three giants appeared before him. "We are your slaves," said the first giant, called Talia-as-a-steep.

"Command us, and we obey," said the second, called Hiss-a-lon. "What is your will?" asked the third, called Strong-as-a-lion.

"I would like to go up into Cloud-land," answered Willie, nothing daunted. "I have a great desire to see the giants," he said. "What is your will?" asked the first giant, called Talia-as-a-steep.

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your entertainment, rest assured shall most certainly be done. Come, he seated at his right hand.

Willie looked for the seat indicated by the King, but it was so small, that it would have been necessary to extend it one hundred times its present size, or he could have found room in it. His eyes expressed as much, for the King immediately said:

"We have forgotten, let the great chair be brought."

A thousand courtiers rushed out to obey the King's mandate. Presently they returned, pulling and blowing, it was a terrible exertion to get it to carry that chair, though it was no bigger than that used by Willie when at home. He now seated himself, and looked around on the assembled multitude.

Had the King and his people been only as big as his little baby brother, he would certainly have felt greatly honored on being seated so near the throne, but they were so very small, that he did not sufficiently appreciate his dignified position.

What amazed him more than all else—and everything seemed wonderful—were the small vases all the little people carried at their sides. Several times he should deliver, and the poem was on the government of a State.

"May it please your Majesty," answered Ego Ego, "I think it were best should deliver, and the poem was on the government of a State."

"Methinks our visitor is not yet inclined to sleep," said the poet Twaag, sagely.

"Hear ye, my friend," returned Ego Ego. "Because his shallow past cannot receive knowledge, he must needs cast a slur on our visitor, as if he were not better than himself."

"Peace!" cried the King, in great wrath. "Do you carry your jealousies to the very foot of the throne? Have a care, that you do not deserve punishment do not soon overtake you."

The poet and chief councillor stood rebuked, but the former could not restrain himself, for the poetic madness was on him. He, therefore, addressed himself to the King, and said:

"With your Majesty's permission, I will recite the poem which gave so much pleasure to the court on a former occasion."

His Majesty was greatly tempted to do so, for the poem was full of high praise for himself, but the Queen frowned, and the King valued his peace too much to vex his royal partner.

"Were it not best that we all join in a dance?" whispered the Queen, to her royal spouse.

"Right," said the King. "We will dance."

"The best thing for the occasion," said the poet and chief councillor. "The two always agreed with the King's sentiments and desires, for they were great favorites."

The great hall was soon alive with the dancing parties. Willie had the Queen seated at his partner, and very glad to see the little man, who was so much like her. The merriest was of short duration, however, for just as the sport was at its height, a sentinel rushed in, exclaiming:

"The King of Murky-Cloud is bearing down upon us!"

This announcement produced the wildest excitement in Cloudland. The King rose upon his throne, crying:

"Let every one stand to his arms!"

In fulfillment of this command, all the little men unstrapped the vases from their sides, and held them above their heads. Just at this moment a reverberating sound was heard, for Murky-Cloud had come in contact with White-Cloud. The little warriors threw the contents of their vases at their enemies, and Willie—awake, and heard the patter of the rain on the roof.

The King of Murky-Cloud was bearing down upon us!"

Two young men were building a wall—the first wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue," he said.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifling mistake make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth, and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no truth.'"

"Oh, said Ben, "that's all very well; but I'm not lying, and have no intention of doing so."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have somewhere read that a lie is a bad habit, like a bad character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning when they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from the untruth brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, obliging the two to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

Tell, said and live the exact truth always.

Sometimes the mind greatly influences the body. Indeed, the operation of mental causes on the bodily frame is not unknown to any of us, though they may not perceive how they have been thought, in regard to education, to be of very great importance. The effect of anxiety, grief and other feelings in diminishing strength and wearing away health, are quite familiar.

It is in vain that soldiers are raised for people without strength of purpose. They cannot march. A boatswain can drive a lay sailor up the rigging of a ship to the masthead, but it is next to impossible to make his way upward from the common level. If fate has placed him at the foot of the ladder, there, in all probability, he will grovel till he dies.

Two men who talk everlastingly and promiscuously, who seem to have an inexhaustible magazine of sound, crowd the many words into their mouths, but they always obscure and frequently conceal their

FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE!

BY BETT WINWOOD.

Author of "The Empty Chair," "The Dis-
carded Wife," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INFAMOUS TRIO.

Godfrey Vaughn was in a furious state

when he saw that Nora had really eluded him—vanished like the vision of a

ghost. And such a vanishing! Defiant and

reckless to the last, she had worked out her own full purpose, in spite of him, and

he could only grieve his loss in futile rage. She was beyond his reach with the

victim she had entrapped.

"She is my uncle's wife now," he

thought, "or they would not be going

away together. If I could only stand in

that relation to her. But," and he

lifted one shaking hand half involun-

tarily, while his face looked like the

mask of death. "By the heavens

above us, she shall yet hold a more de-

graded position; she shall yet vainly

glance at me with a look of scorn

as she has done in braving my re-

venge."

Then, with a slow, horrible laugh, he

swung upon his heel. There was one

place where he might be able to help him

in this emergency, and to her he resolved to

go. That person was the yellow-haired

man who had watched the banker's

carriage roll away from Mrs. Churchill's

door, and had afterwards come to him

(Godfrey) to tell him of the contemplated

marriage.

Mrs. Saltontall must lead me her

aid," he muttered. "With her at my

elbow, I can accomplish anything, even

though the devil himself should be my

adversary."

Pressing hastily into the street, he sig-

nalled the first empty cab to be found,

and was soon en route for Cherry street.

About mid-way of this not very aristo-

cratic quarter of the city, he pulled the

check-rein, and got out.

"You can wait," he said, to the coach-

man. "I shall not be very long. I

drive on the main alley upon the

right, and will return to the taxi-

cab, and have my trunk and a little

baggage brought to my door. Retaining

his own steps for a short

distance, he entered an unpainted wooden

building that seemed to be in the last

stages of decay.

A flight of rickety stairs ascended from

the narrow, dingy-looking hall into which

the street door opened. Godfrey climbed

these stairs quickly, with an expression

of disgust upon his handsome face.

"What can induce Mrs. Saltontall to

live in this dreary hole?" he said, as he

looked up at the next moment—very

indeed, as he had a very good reason

for his indignation. "I don't see

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where peace and happiness he was plotting to strike a death blow.

His plan was to assassinate Jennings and destroy the young and beautiful wife in the house of her father. When that was accomplished, the rest would be comparatively easy—no escape, no separation, and, best of all, no loss of the love of his life.

The cold, calculating villain had no conscience to outrage, no scruples to offend. But he began to suspect, even in that first hour, that he had a heart.

"How had better look to her laurels, if this affair is to go on," he thought. "I have been very fond of the little girl, but this is a terrible business. I have loved her quite as much as the shade. Ah, no! If Nora were only single, and I were only rich—"

He heard a sigh, and his captivities could there. It was a sigh he could not afford to pursue, simply because no benefit could come of it.

Of course his devoted attention to Mrs. Vaughn did not pass unnoticed. It was no part of his plan that they should do so. More than he could have dreamed, his eyes had been upon her face. (How, she looked toward him, and said in an undertone:)

"If you were a true man devoted, I am sure it would be quite as well."

He smiled quietly.

"You know I am playing a part. Of course I must play it well. Don't be jealous, my dear; you have no cause. How could I be if she were not so sure of that?"

CHAPTER XV.

THE REVENGE OF INSTINCT.

When dinner was over, everybody adjourned to the drawing-room, where there was a small table with which to idle away the time.

Holland Dane still remained near Nora. His eyes followed every movement she made, his lips half-opened as if he were about to speak, but he said nothing.

A newly-declared lover could not have been more devoted in his attentions. He watched her, and she was almost with jealous pain. Even to herself, Holland Dane had never been so full of impassioned devotion. Could it be all put on?

When she could bear the uncertainty no longer she crossed to the piano, where Godfrey stood looking at her with a smile of the most serene and dropped her hand upon his arm.

"The room is terribly oppressive," she said. "I am faint. Take me out into the garden for a breath of fresh air."

She did look thoughtfully at Godfrey, and then, turned his eyes toward a little alcove, further down the apartment, where Mrs. Vaughn and Holland Dane were sitting, with a look of engravings before them.

Nora was talking, and smiling every now and then upon her companion. But there was something in her face, something in her tone, that made her look as if she were in a state of distress.

The courtiers and affable hostess, Holland Dane seemed to be the real object. Her eyes were fixed upon him, and she was ready to guess the cause of his pallor.

"Of course I will take you," he said, in a low voice. "But you are a faint, I know why you are faint."

He led her away. The instant they were free from observation, she turned to him, saying sharply:

"What! I have been here for an hour, and you have not said a word to me? Tell me this instant, for I will know."

"Infamous plot!" he repeated. "You, then, have been about the house, and you want to know the result? If you expect me to lend myself to your wicked schemes, you must tell me all about them."

Godfrey laughed mockingly.

"You do not appear to hold me very high in your esteem, how, otherwise, you would not speak such epithets to me."

"Tell me," she replied, "or I shall go directly to my uncle and expose you."

"You are jealous, how. You are afraid of Holland Dane, and you cannot endure to see him pay the slightest attention to another woman."

"Granted. What then?"

"Only this," he answered, looking her steadily in the face. "The betrothed wife of Eugene Lennox has no right to be jealous of another than her lover."

"Humph! I did not come here to discuss the question. I came to think of discussing it with you, in any event."

"Very likely. But you will do a very wrong thing if you expose Lennox, and give yourself up to this foolish indignation for an adventure—for there is nothing more to be seen."

"He is your friend," she retorted.

"You deem him quite good enough to do your dirty work—work you are not clever enough to undertake by yourself?"

"Certainly," she said, "and I should be not good enough to mate with the proud rose of the Vaughns."

How made an impatient gesture.

"That for the heavenly Vaughns," she cried, snapping her fingers contemptuously. "There is not much of their blood in my veins. I am my father's own child—a Carrington out and out. And I will not submit to dictation. You dare not attempt it."

Godfrey ground his teeth, and was silent. No, he did not dare. And he was beginning to understand, at last, the price Holland Dane had paid for assisting him.

Wait, it could not be helped. His feet were already in the dark road, and he could not turn back.

"Now tell me your plans," said Nora, in a sinister voice, and with a woman's shrewdness. "We have no time to waste. Somebody may come out and interrupt us at any moment."

Resentful, Godfrey did not reply at first. He took time to consider with himself.

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"You will help to further my plans?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly. "If I can to reap any benefit from them."

"I understand your intention. When that was accomplished, the rest would be comparatively easy—no escape, no separation, and, best of all, no loss of the love of his life."

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A GRATE MYSTERY.—Cheap novels.

For "FOUR OF PERSA,"—Mistress.

LIONEL CHARACTERS.—Persons with dark eyes.

HOW TO MEET A MAN OF DOUBTFUL CREDIT.—Take no notice of him.

A QUARTER OF EIGHT.—The signature of the firm to which he was partner, having to sign a baptismal record of one of his children, entered it as "John, son of John, son of John."

A FAVORABLE.—But, however New York lady, traveling on the continent, writes to a friend that she has just seen the "museum of antiquities" in Genoa, and she does think it is "perfectly splendid."

In England rivers all are males.—For instance, Father Thames; wherever in Columbia sails.

Yes, here the softer sex prevails; Aquatic, I assure you.

And, Mr. Nipper rolls his eyes.

Hesperus to the moon.

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BROKEN VOWS.

By EDWARD W. LORR.

Repeat the words that I have sworn.

As long ago, to breathe to me.

When that first night I saw you.

And I have sworn to you since.

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PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

ON

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

(This serial was commenced in No. 1, Vol. 4, and numbers can be had of the publisher, at the Lone Star of Texas, New York, for the price of the paper.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SURPRISE.

Major Ambler and the two scouts went forward with some rapidity on the trail they had discovered. The ground here, however, was not so favorable as that of the Lone Star of Texas, and the footprints of the fugitives were very plainly defined.

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and shot its rays in slant lines through the leafy openings.

This fact had been observed by the fugitive, and enabled him to lay his course in the proper direction, instead of wandering in blind circles through the forest, as he might have otherwise done.

The next day, or three hours later, he pushed resolutely onward, full of the joyful sense of freedom, and forgetting all weariness in the hope of successful escape.

At the end of this time the moon had sunk so far towards the horizon as to fall in line with the forest. The darkness grew intense. It was impossible for him to proceed.

The weary fugitive flung himself at the foot of a tree, and, heedless of the slight chill of the night, was soon lost in deep sleep.

The sun was shining brightly when he awoke. It was an hour or two high, and poured its beams upon his forest couch. He sprang lightly to his feet, not knowing but that he might have been pursued by the savages, and might be in imminent danger of recapture.

All was still about him. Only the songs of birds and the rustle of falling leaves broke the silence. He could see a silvery glimmer through the trees. It was the river, near whose banks he had unknowingly passed the night.

With a hasty ablution, and a draught of its clear waters for breakfast, he resumed his journey, keeping the stream within view, and making his way rapidly southward. The wood was here free from undergrowth, and he was enabled to proceed without any delay.

The stream was swift and fast, and he left it, striking a westerly course. It seemed to him that he had proceeded ten miles in this direction, and he again came within sight of flowing waters.

The river was wider than where he had left it, if, indeed, it was the same stream. He conjectured that the former had been the Atchafalaya, and that he now beheld the Angelina.

He continued his course for several miles within sight of its waters. It had no effluents from this side, save an occasional rivulet, or narrow brook. On the other side a stream of some dimensions ran into its waters, at the point which he had now attained.

It occurred to him that this must be the creek on which the Indian camp had been situated, and on which the fight had taken place.

He could not be more than ten or twelve miles from Nacogdoches, but to reach it he must cross the stream.

This, fortunately, proved not very difficult. The river here was wide and shallow, save a deeper channel of some twenty feet in width. There was no help for it. He must wade across, and swim the deeper portion, if it proved to be beyond his depth.

Captain Wilson had all the American readiness in an emergency. He cut the difficulty short by plunging boldly into the stream. It was a bold move, but he gradually until the water reached his knees.

The portion which had appeared deep did not prove more so. He had expected, not reading above his waist. The stream was clearly not navigable, at this season of the year, for any craft of considerable draught.

The point at which he reached the opposite shore was some two miles below the mouth of the creek. As we are already aware, an open prairie bordered this portion of the river, affording no real barrier other than its long grass might give.

The sun was now leaning heavily down, and an hour sufficed for him to dry his dripping clothes, and to refresh himself by a hearty meal.

He was growing desperately hungry, having eaten nothing since the previous evening, despite the fact that he had expected, not reading above his waist. The stream was clearly not navigable, at this season of the year, for any craft of considerable draught.

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It was here, indeed, who spoke from one corner of the room, where he sat quietly reading his newspaper.

"Who spoke to you, Mr. Quail? I should think you had lived with me long enough to be able to speak to me when I am so flustered. I will go now in spite of you."

"Well, I don't know, but I would, if I could. You will find it. I will take care of the children while you are gone."

Mr. Quail, when I, a young, trusting, left my mother's house and gave myself to you, I never thought the day would come when I should be told to go out in a form as this. Do not speak a word. I know what you are going to say. You think to excuse yourself, but you can't blind my eyes. I have seen it all along. You think you can get me to go today, take away my death of cold, and then you can marry that hateful Susan Miller. Think of her being mother to my sweet children! Oh, it is too much for any human being to bear!"

And Mrs. Quail, covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

"Don't cry, my dear. You know I do not care for Susan Miller; and as for wishing you to go out in this storm, you know I opposed it at first."

"Yes, you opposed it," sobbed Mrs. Quail, "because you knew I would go if you told me not to. I always mean to have my own way, and never will be commanded by a man. Oh! I wish that I had married Josiah Greene, when he laid his large fortune and three children at my feet."

"I wish you had!"

"You know, Mrs. Quail, continued, 'I have always been a true wife to you, Mr. Quail; but I see you do not love me, and if you will have the goodness to tell me so, I will leave you. I will go, and never trouble you again.'"

"Where will you go, Amelia?"

"Anywhere, as long as I can get away from this monster as you. Where are you going?"

"To call a carriage, as you directed."

"To call a carriage? I'd like to see you do that! You are not much of a thing, I am sure. I am going to expose my dear children, tender lambs, to the mercy of such a storm as this? No, I am not quite as heartless as that. I have a better plan. I will take them to my mother's house, and let them cry. I never did see such a troublesome set of children in my life! Always quarreling and fighting with heartiness to me. When I am alone, I don't know what to do with them. What are you reading, Mr. Quail? Why don't you listen to me when I am talking? You did not know I was here, did you? When I do speak, I am talking to you, and you are not listening to me. There is no one else here."

"Amelia, my dear, did I tell you about that piece of silk I saw in Chestnut street yesterday? No, you didn't. Why, really, how forgetful I am! Well, if to-morrow is a pleasant day, I intend to take you there, and, if you admire it, I think I shall buy it for you."

"Do you?" Mrs. Quail's voice was lowered to a softer tone. "Simon, you are the best husband I ever saw. I have always been a true wife to you, Mr. Quail; but I see you do not love me, and if you will have the goodness to tell me so, I will leave you. I will go, and never trouble you again."

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THE DETHRONEMENT OF CHARLES X.

BY W. D. HAY.

One Monday morning of July, 1830, an article appeared in the *Moniteur*, the organ of the government of France, by order of Charles X., declaring that the freedom of the press was no longer to be permitted in the kingdom. There had been some time bitter opposition against the despotism of the king. Upon the appearance of this ordinance, excitement flamed like a conflagration through every lane and alley of the city. All the thoroughfares leading to the palace of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal were thronged with the roused masses. Leaders, mounted on doorsteps and barricades, and the ordinance to their utter destruction. During the whole day the commotion increased in its measure of violence. As night came the tumult multiplied in the darkened streets.

The Royal Dragons swept the thoroughfares to disperse the crowd. At one point the people, to protect themselves from the risk of the troops, carried off a cannon, and throwing around it a barricade which the cavalry could not force. The king was hastily adopted, and in all the leading streets barricades were formed, pavements torn up, and the people behind them defied them.

When the morning dawned, those formidable barricades were everywhere. Instead of the cannon which had been fired from the Tuileries, the king's army, many of them led by veterans of the revolution, and the political horizon indicated the struggle that in a few years was to lay the foundation of the greatest Republic of the world.

A hundred years ago there was not a single white man in what is now Kentucky. It was then the most flourishing part of the United States as a little-known country to the heart of Africa. It was then the most flourishing part of the United States as a little-known country to the heart of Africa.

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There is no better proof of the immobility of many owners of pictures than their habit of hanging them where there is no chance of their being ever again to behold them. These pictures, which are hung on above another the large picture may be placed high enough to make room for a smaller one under it. Pictures, long in ordinary use, are people inhabit regularly, should not be crowded up to the very ceiling like an exhibition, but rather carefully isolated and distributed all over the house, so that pictures only being allowed to remain near each other as are naturally fitted to be companions.

They ought also to be intellectually in harmony with the use of the room. Illustrations of literature, and portraits of authors, have a greater value in libraries than in billiard rooms.

We enjoy good landscapes no heartily unless they are placed in a room where we are glad to meet with them anywhere, but they have a better chance of being seen in drawing-rooms than in dining-rooms. And if you have a picture that you have a special affection for, as a very likely, let them be placed in your most private room, where no guests come. They are better there for the sake of the picture, and the picture is better there for the sake of the picture.

It is then that we hear again their dead voices, it is then that we recall most vividly their half-smiling looks and gestures. Alas, we may look up to it when bringing tears, but the world will not weep before it.

Some people think that, if they are in trouble about anything, the first thing they do is to run to some one for advice. This is a very good thing, if the person applied to is a capable of giving sound advice, and that requisite is too often long sought of, and the mischief which results from following bad advice is almost incalculable.

We do not mean to advise given from wicked motives, but such as results from a lack of wisdom in the giver, or too imperfect a knowledge of the circumstances of the case. It is better to be governed entirely by your own judgment than to go to a fool for advice.

Memory provides over the past, action over the present. The first is a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no such wealth, and it walks the earth like a spirit.

CHOICE READING FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

We have at present a limited number of complete sets of *The Post* containing each one of the following brilliant, entertaining and original serials, which cannot be obtained elsewhere, at any other price.

Perseus; or, *A Brave Woman's Trial*. By the author of "The Story of the World." A serial of twelve parts, each of 16 pages, containing a complete and original narrative, in which the story is told in a most interesting and original manner. Each part contains a complete and original narrative, in which the story is told in a most interesting and original manner.

The Story of the World. By the author of "The Story of the World." A serial of twelve parts, each of 16 pages, containing a complete and original narrative, in which the story is told in a most interesting and original manner. Each part contains a complete and original narrative, in which the story is told in a most interesting and original manner.

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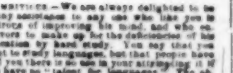
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The Story of the World. By the author



idea that what is popularly called a talent language is necessary (like "an ear for music") to qualify one for the study, hinders one from making the attempt. Certainly it is one thing to have the talent, but it is not necessary.

"I have been told," he says, "that you are not
 as sure for them, and, better still, their way
 industry, and when those eyes joined to
 not intelligence, there is every guarantee
 a language may be speedily acquired. We
 are not so sure of this, and my regard for
 the great difficulty attending the study of
 of German, for we never could see in what
 yet German was harder than French.
 are so many words in German almost
 of the same meaning as in English, that
 singular at once leaves considerable
 I happen to prefer for you and need you the
 of the French you speak of, if you wish us
 to do so."

MAINTAINED BY SOME. But a greater difficulty was made, said the speaker, of an impression is to prevent the admission of sources likely to restore the vitality of the work, which is necessary. It is not denied but stumbling only for the west or called into action. Said one among many of course, the most conspicuous being for a relaxation of the cautious vessel.

When considering other herbs, when the proper preparation is made, a source of tannin and coloring is often derived from a tannin, the coloring is that, when the leaves of the plant are little in quantity and, in consequence, the hair comes dry and brittle, especially at the apex of the stem of the head, when the following treatment, if persevered in, will be a certainty to cure the hair, providing vitality is not destroyed. Get some brown shampoos, boil a cupful in one pint of water for twenty minutes, strain and set aside for use. It should be used twice or three times a week, in conjunction with the hair oil.

with the following restorative: Boil 1 yolk of egg, beat honey, two ounces salicylate of tart, two ounces lemon juice, five ounces oil, two ounces pure water, five ounces olive the salts of tartar in the lemon juice the effervescent mixture, rub the yolk of the egg and honey together; and, lastly, the other ingredients, till all appear of a consistency. It is positively affirmed that this preparation has been found successful in many instances of baldness.

A small quantity is to be well rubbed in bedtime, and washed or brushed out the next

H. W. (Philadelphia).—The poems of this, as they exist in English, are a translation of certain traditional songs or ballads which, many centuries have been preserved in the tongue. They have been transmitted from father and son, as the productions of a number of a very early time. In almost every case these have never existed in manuscript, have been treasured up in the memory of successive generations as the unwritten literature of the language. About 1700, they were

...from the lips of the Pacific physician
the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, by
Marjorhem, a Scottish gentleman, and by
translation into English. The work gave
to much controversy, many persons ascribed
authorship of the poem to Marjorhem
himself. I accused him of having invented
his own authority to give validity to
his own work. Many of the leading liter-
ary men of the day took up the discus-
sion, the celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair has left an
interesting treatise, which vindicates the
authorship of the poem, and the work is
now a classic.

He drew, most probably, in the mountain districts of Macedonia, and although he has no claim as an Irish poet, yet there is abundant evidence to prove that his songs are not of Irish origin. These poems are useful on account of the light which they throw on the customs of northern ancestors, as also on the first peopling of Ireland and its early history. They

EX-EXEMPT.—If you have lost your discharge card, without which you cannot enter your local Memorial Law, the following is the only proper method to correct the law: An act Congress approved March 2, 1919, authorizes the War Department to issue duplicate discharges, when one has been lost or destroyed, thereby the privacy of the soldier. Nature's

When discharge can be proved, the War Department requires an affidavit of the soldier at his last discharge, and that he has "legally renounced for it and cannot and it. Affidavits from two or more reliable persons (one of his former company preferred), establishing his identity, must also be furnished. Affidavits forwarded must have the certificate of a court of record, showing that the civil court before whom the oath was administered are duly authorized to administer oaths. The papers should be sent to the office of the adjutant-general, at Washington, D. C.

generally. In addition, we have used information furnished by a lost discharge would be used by the Adjutant General of the State in the event the soldier, having by reading to himself the address, failed to find his way to his home in Full State, ever, long, the place and date of enlistment, date of discharge, the number of his regiment and company, and the instructions of the general land office soldier, upon entering land, must prove himself to be land under the law and produce certified copies of certificates of his discharge, showing when the party enlisted and when he was discharged, or, if these cannot be produced,

...the meaning of the words "contingency" is rather obvious, and might be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain, it would in all cases of such charges be better to procure copies of them before attempting to enter land.

MINNEAPOLIS NEWS, N. A. P.—There is no word that we can find of the first use of hanging either in the United States or Europe. It is known. We can send you the "Illustrated Almanac" for two dollars. It will give you the latest statistics on crimes and

...ing male and female. Monogamy is—An
man build the office of President of the
ated States for as many terms as the people
me to elect him, though none have ever yet
old it for more than two. Temperance is
is as well a mystery to us as it is to you who Partis
and mean in the sentence you quote. The Rev.
Lord Palmerston died on Wednesday, Decem-
ber 18th 1865. Scrophulous Rheumatism is gene-
rally curable, but there are inveterate cases
which sometimes defy all the physician's skill.
D—A woman, whose divorced husband should resume

we mean name A. L. R. — We very much regret we are unable to give you the desired information but we know nothing regarding the critics. S. M. A. — It is quite a matter of taste which is the more attractive, a fair or a dark beauty. EDWARD B. — If a MS. does not come up to our standard for publication, we cannot possibly take it upon ourselves to "revise and correct it for the press. That is a little too much to expect of us.

✂ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!
TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Sub-

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have

One hundred and twenty-five—\$125.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list;

Seventy-five — \$75.00 — dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the second largest list;

Twenty-five -- \$25.00 -- dollars in
 paid to the Agent who sends us the
 third largest list, by the **THIRTY-FIRST**
 (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875--notice of
 which will appear in the **PAY.**
 Each Agent is credited on our books
 with the name and number of every sub-
 scription sent, and we will send to

Additional specimen copies and blanks will be sent to those who desire to procure subscribers.

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